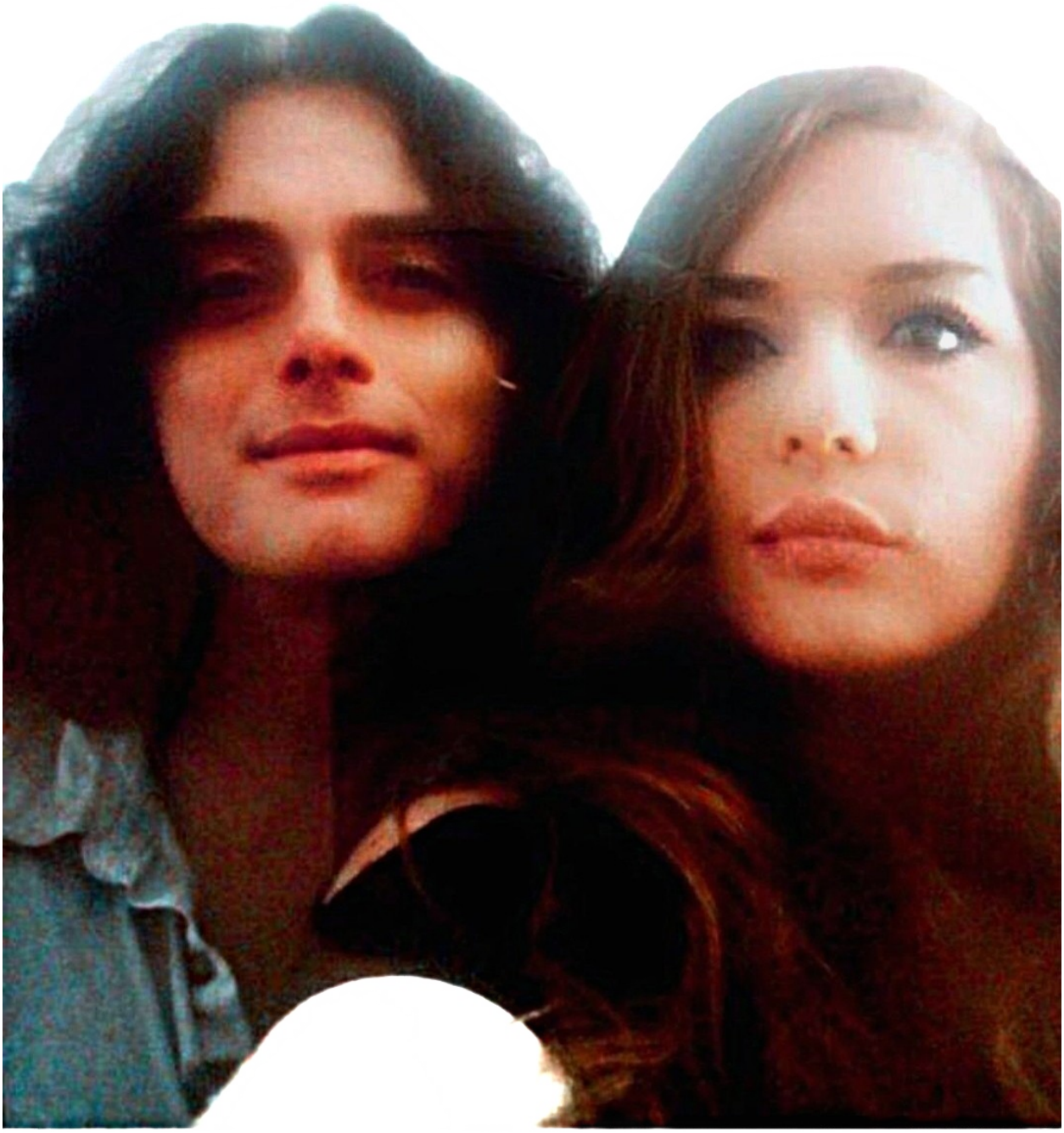


16 years. I can't get use to it. I can't understand how she was the one that went... after all these years and close calls, it was like she was a force of nature. I miss her so goddamned much. It eats at me... I sometimes can get over her in my conscious thoughts, but my dreams take me back to that day I found her, or worse... before that when we were together and still in love... and now she's gone and the worst has happened, but I can't not worry about her. I can't stop missing her when a day without her was torture for both of us. How can she be anywhere and not miss me?

The answer is one that I can't handle. It's dark... it hurts... it's horrible. My friend. My wife... after all the crazy things we went through... is gone and I can't fix this. My mind tells me every day to do something. What can I do? The stress and worry are still there... like a amputated limb that you can still feel... and it eats at me constantly... I want to go to her. But I don't know where she is... I know she's gone... but it doesn't give me peace. It just makes me tortured and panicked in a way that that is so raw and so horrible. I miss you so much Kari...

January 8th.

She was just here! I saw her and felt her. I smelled her. She was here.

It was a bad dream.

No... it was a good dream.

This is the bad dream. The worst one I could imagine.

I was with her and I was so happy. My heart let go of this angst it’s been holding for months and I screamed at her. So happy...

“KARI! OH KARI! MY GOD! “

And she wasn’t surprised. She expected it. Why did she expect it? I wondered. Why did I miss her so much? And then I remembered... a lucid dream. And I fell down. And she came to my side. Her face was red now and covered with tears. She covered my face with hers... her hair mingling with mine... her tears spilling onto my face. She kissed me with her grief swollen lips and wet hot face pressed against mine... I remembered this... it happened in real life.

And then I woke up... falling into my body with a convulsive kick as I opened my eyes and made these noises that probably traumatize my neighbors next door and their dogs... But what the holy hell...

I remembered her face over mine like that. It was last year. A crazy night. The time I stole her back from the brink and we saved each others' lives once more.

I was tired of it. She had disappeared again into the drug and I needed her back. I missed her so much. She wasn't my wife anymore... she wasn't even my friend. She was the drug and the drug wasn't nice at all. I cried in the morning. I cried a lot of mornings.

I was sober. She wasn't. And it didn't look like she even cared. She was sick and told me she needed me to help her. She said it would be the last time. She had said that every morning and every evening for the last two months. She didn't believe it and she knew it was ridiculous for me to believe it.

I begged her... I told her I loved her... I needed her to be strong and do this. When would it end? The same things I had said every morning for the last months and she was sick of me saying it. I was sick of it too. This was our low point.

She stopped talking to me. She looked uncomfortable and pissed. Angry that I wasn't just leaving and getting the stuff. She wouldn't talk to me until I brought it back. I had to leave and spend the money I had made yesterday. I had spent half the night before, and now I was spending the rest this morning on gas and drugs for her. I would drive all the way to St Louis, a few blocks from where I worked and then go back home before I drove back to the SAME PLACE to WORK, but now... to wait for the dealer she wanted me to use today.

He was surly black trash and yelled at when I didn't understand him as he barked the instructions to me... "NO MAN! LISTEN TO ME!! GO TO THE FZZFREAAA FEEA and TURN LEFT, go the END and FRISZ A FRA AROUND TO THE RASHAFARCA! I AIN'T WAITING ON YOU! C'mon man, or I'm leaving!"

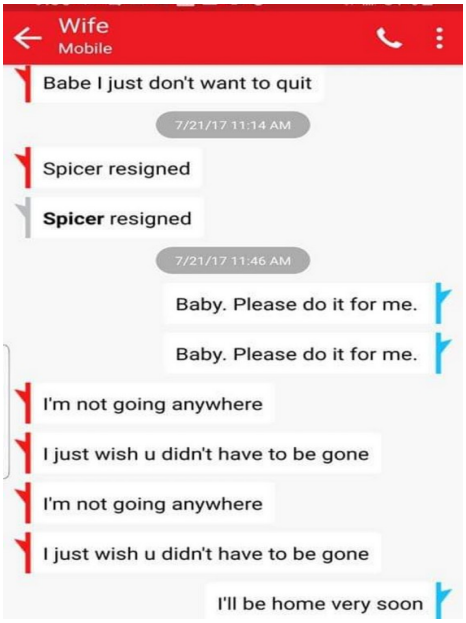
I ask him to repeat and he screams louder and the phone distorts, making it harder to understand the piece of shit. I finally make it there and he grabs the money and tosses the bundle into my car and peels out... I search the floor boards for the pack and stuff it into my underwear.

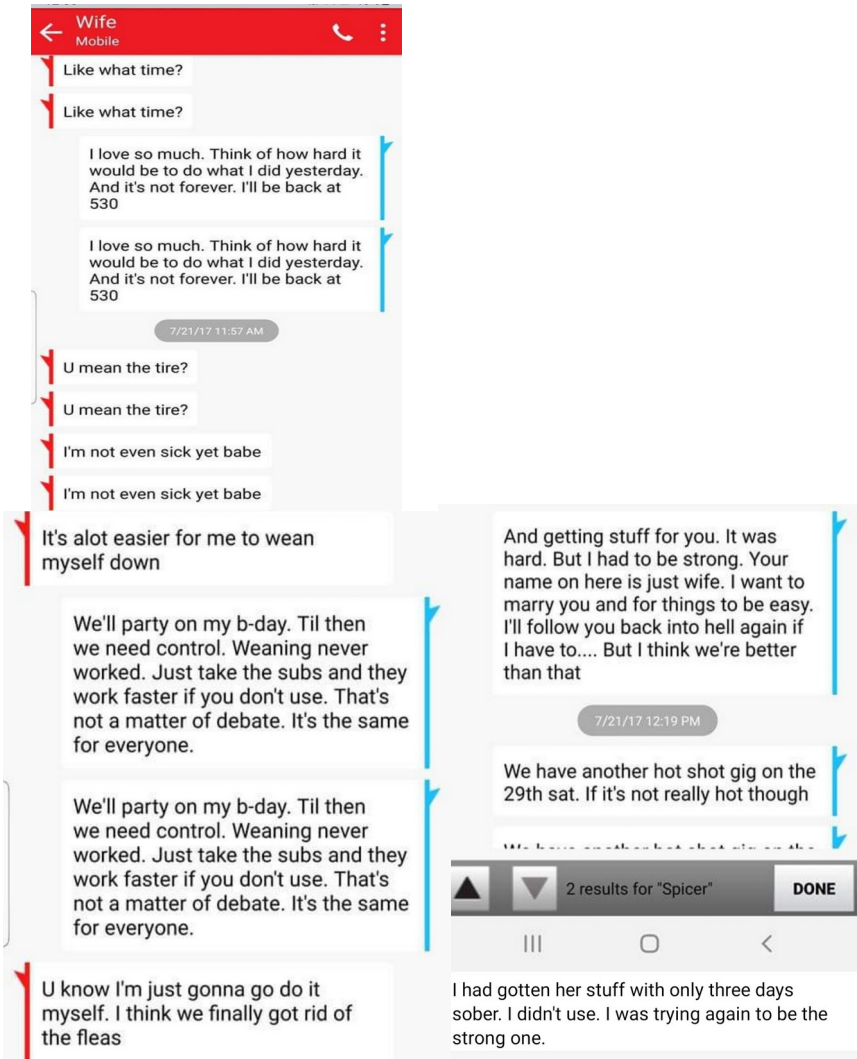
I get home and hand it over. She thanks me and disappears into her hobby room. A room filled with Barbie dolls, toy horses, trophies and awards for singing, band

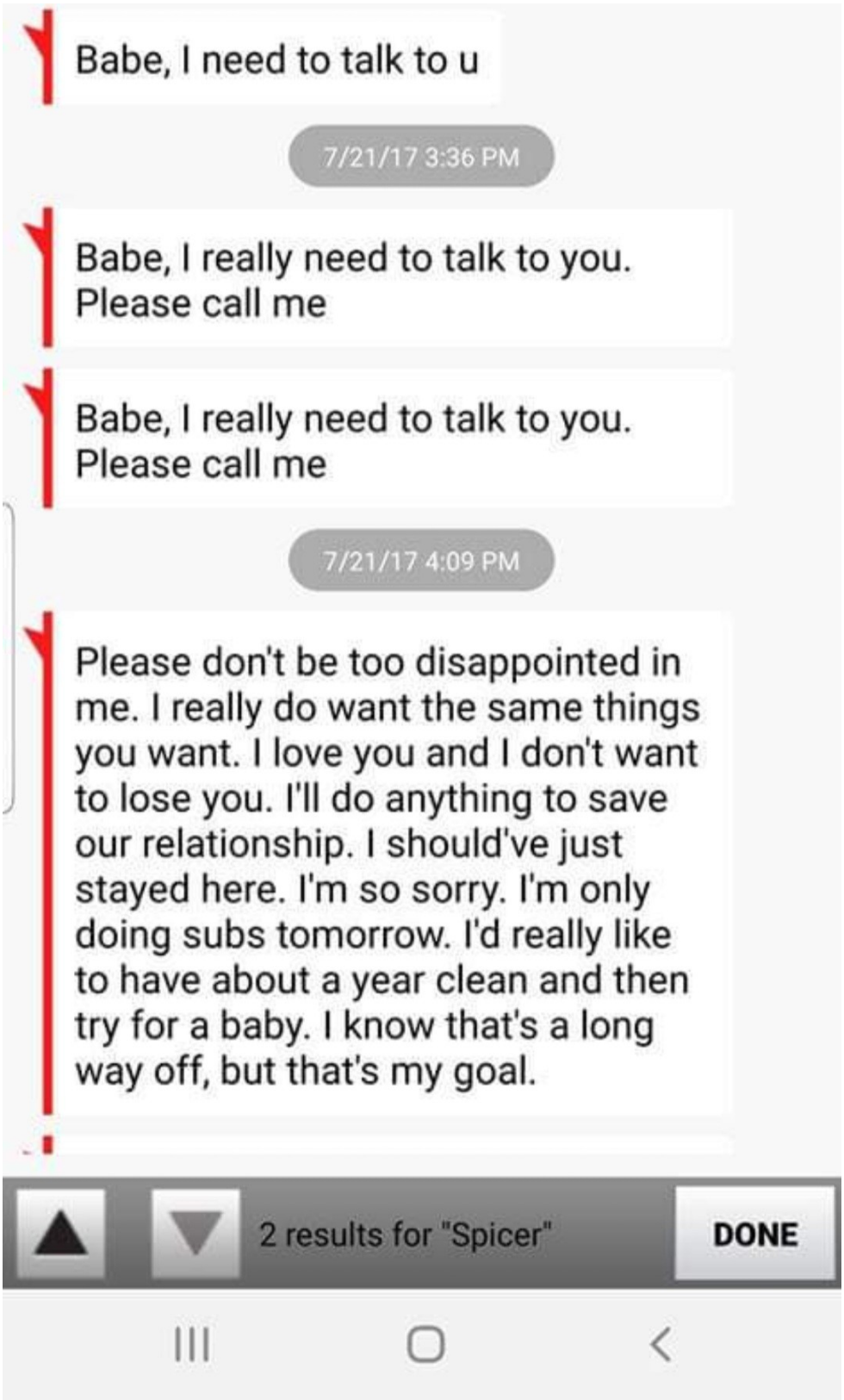
pictures, CD’s we had made or played on, her old computer, a day bed, 400 pairs of shoes, one metric ton of stage clothes, and the remains of our broken dreams.

The syringes are tucked under the comforter in her Barbie dreamhouse bed, and the spoons are underneath. The white painted bureau is black around the place she had used for the last year and half. The soot from the spoons and wax from candles, old pieces of cotton and used q-tips. I watch her for a moment and get ready for work. A half hour later she’s still trying to find a spot to hit. The syringe is full of blood from misses and she’s getting anxious because she’s out of places to hit now and using her fingertips... and now her fingertips are used up. I know this. I know everything. I hear her cursing and feel the frustration she feels. Wanting her to stop, but at least find a good place to hit this last time... because it's so sad that she’s poking holes in her little hands and down to her finger tips and still can’t find a spot... sooooo fucking unbelievably sad!

About 45 minutes she comes out. She tells me she missed, but it’ll probably do something. She has a welt on her hand from the place she just decided to shove the drugs under her skin. She looks sad and unfulfilled. I can’t believe she doesn’t want to stop. And I leave to go to work.


Wife
Mobile
Babe I just don't want to quit
7/21/17 11:14 AM
Spicer resigned
Spicer resigned
7/21/17 11:46 AM
Baby. Please do it for me.
Baby. Please do it for me.
I'm not going anywhere
I just wish u didn't have to be gone
I'm not going anywhere
I just wish u didn't have to be gone
I'll be home very soon


Wife
Mobile
Like what time?
Like what time?
I love so much. Think of how hard it would be to do what I did yesterday. And it's not forever. I'll be back at 530
I love so much. Think of how hard it would be to do what I did yesterday. And it's not forever. I'll be back at 530
7/21/17 11:57 AM
U mean the tire?
U mean the tire?
I'm not even sick yet babe
I'm not even sick yet babe
It's alot easier for me to wean myself down
We'll party on my b-day. Til then we need control. Weaning never worked. Just take the subs and they work faster if you don't use. That's not a matter of debate. It's the same for everyone.
We'll party on my b-day. Til then we need control. Weaning never worked. Just take the subs and they work faster if you don't use. That's not a matter of debate. It's the same for everyone.
U know I'm just gonna go do it myself. I think we finally got rid of the fleas
And getting stuff for you. It was hard. But I had to be strong. Your name on here is just wife. I want to marry you and for things to be easy. I'll follow you back into hell again if I have to.... But I think we're better than that
7/21/17 12:19 PM
We have another hot shot gig on the 29th sat. If it's not really hot though
2 results for "Spicer"
DONE
I had gotten her stuff with only three days sober. I didn't use. I was trying again to be the strong one.


Babe, I need to talk to u
7/21/17 3:36 PM
Babe, I really need to talk to you. Please call me
Babe, I really need to talk to you. Please call me
7/21/17 4:09 PM
Please don't be too disappointed in me. I really do want the same things you want. I love you and I don't want to lose you. I'll do anything to save our relationship. I should've just stayed here. I'm so sorry. I'm only doing subs tomorrow. I'd really like to have about a year clean and then try for a baby. I know that's a long way off, but that's my goal.
2 results for "Spicer"
DONE

She went and copped by herself. And that scared me. I had been getting her stuff while only three days sober. It was hard and I wanted her to be with me.

I cry for a few minutes as I drive down the road. Not sobs or weeping... just the stoic expression on my face as my eyes leak... no one would even know unless they were close enough to see my face and the leakage on my cheeks. I try to think of hopeful things. Being sober. She's not going to do this forever. It can't be forever. She wanted to be sober... she was sober for a month, just weeks ago... It'll all be ok. It's just another day I'm spending in hell, so I can get my girl back. And I will get her back. I fought for her for ten years. This wasn't the way we were going to do it. I had her word. I put a suboxone under my tongue. The effects make me feel a little less depressed and I can work all day and get paid again...

The texts and calls come during the day. "when are you coming home? I feel horrible. I'm sorry Sean. I'm sorry about this morning. I'm sorry about everything. Just help me out one more time tonight. I want to sleep one more night before I stop".

Another text in a few hours "have you left yet? I just threw up. No hurry."

The boss has me working in the back room where there's no cell reception. His wife comes back where we're both working... "Sean, there's a girl on the phone for you. She sounds sick?"

"That would be my wife! hahah." I lie about some ailment that she has.

The calls and texts come more often as I get towards the end of my shift. This isn't my life. I don't even care about my life.

For over a year I did it with her. She would get upset to see me do it. She kind of liked the company at first, but then she worried about me and hated to see me high. She would yell at me "Why are you doing this? You're not even an addict! You're so STUPID!"

"I know baby. I do it for you. I will follow you into hell a thousand times if I can come out once with you by my side. My life means nothing without you. I lay my life at your feet, so that you see me as I see you... I love you forever."

That always shut her up.

We had decided to stop. We did it together, as we often did. It was a strange thing to do together. That we had so much together, but seeing each other suffer the indignities of withdrawal and sickness was maybe the most surreal. That we would become different people for a while, and not take anything personally... this was going to be rough, but at the end was the life we both wanted. We had done this together 20 times at least. We could do this standing on our heads... but this was the first time we had detoxed from Fentanyl. I had shopped all around to find a doctor that would help us. We needed subs and we needed Clonopins. I probably found the only doctor that would write that script for both of us.

I usually gave her my entire script of benzos. But this time I needed them. The fentanyl was rough! Way more insane than I thought it would be. So I knocked myself out, since I could as I had no tolerance for benzos. She couldn't do that. The benzo's only made her feel normal and there was no amount she could take to knock her out. So she watched the TV and listened to me snore next to her for ten hours and when I woke up to take my next dose... she was gone. A note on her pillow. "I'm so sorry baby". That was the roughest thing. To go through the rest of the detox without her here. To do the same thing a year later and keep it after she was dead. To know I was alone in this, now. The only one sober, then, and now the only one living. Still sober and still walking this world alone... scared and often twisted in grief. I have to work and I have to play music... I have a house still... this house that she loved so much. Where everything bears her mark. The house that I can't even clean... because she was always the one that did it while I worked... and just the act of it feels so strange and sad. And then I'll find something that she touched or left months ago and I have to stop and try not to lose my mind again...

I went back to work 5 days later. And I got her stuff on my way home. I was tempted to use it, but I wanted to show her my strength. That she would appreciate my love for her... That I would be the strong one and I would get her stuff and not be tempted. I wouldn't be that codependent POS boyfriend that made it easy to use and stay in this life. And I did that. And I was. I looked at her empty side of the bed, like I do every morning... took a few more benzos and rode the wagon for the next several days, popping immodium like candy and trying to talk to her for a while each day, to show her I could do this, and so could she. I got her dope while I was still sick, depressed and scared for her.

Our life had been a fairy tale up until this year. Public displays of affection. Engagement. Lots of shows to play. My rock star wife. People telling me I had the

most beautiful wife, and BOY could she sing! Love notes and flowery texts. The best drug in the world was her love and I could never want for anything else. But she always fell back and I eventually would crack... the depression of seeing her like that was unbearable... if she was going to be like this, I was going to be like this. I was already copping for her twice a day. And we had so much to be sober for. We were so fucking lucky. So goddam lucky. In love and with this great house that we somehow still have... I work like a dog to pay the bills and keep her in drugs... but I'm at the point of not caring.

"I'm off, baby"

"Thank God! Are you going to Slim?"

"I tried him, but his phone is shut off"

"Fuck! Did you try a couple times, he could be talking to someone"

"yea... many times... it didn't even ring"

"FUCK!"

"I'm gonna try Dreadlock Mike"

"Wasn't his stuff bad last time?"

"I don't know who else to try? You said that B's stuff was shit, and we owe Black money still... I gotta use Dread"

"Ok... I love you. I'll see you in a bit. Be careful!"

I make the calls and arrange the pickup. He's ready and it takes hardly any time at all. But the stuff looks wrong. My stomach fills with dread. It's wrong, I can just tell. It's chalk white and his stuff is never white. I try a taste and it tastes like nothing. I dump the contents onto my thumbnail and sniff it and wait for the drain. It's bunk.

“Dread sold me bunk.”

“I TOLD you not to go to him!”

“You didn’t know who else to go to baby...I did what I could.”

“FUCK! I’m SICK, Sean! What are we gonna do?”

“We could stop? It’ll suck for a few days, but you have TWO packs of sub strips in your nightstand! Do you know how many people would KILL for two full packs of SUBS??”

“Do you have enough for more, tonight?”

“No... I had to pay the cable bill. I’m broke until I work tomorrow”

“So go to the bank and pull out more!”

“If I do that, I’ll get charged an overdraft if I don’t replace it tomorrow!”

“Just do it Sean! Please!? I promise I’ll stop tomorrow!”

“You’ve said that every day and every night for the last two months, baby... do you know how bad I want to believe you? Bad enough to do this another two YEARS if I knew you were actually going to do it!”

“I promise this is the last time!”

“Fuck... whatever... I guess this is my life. OK. I’m gonna try those guys by the fence... they’re always good in a spot”

My head and heart feel like they're bleeding internally... I'm pissed, sad, scared and worried... this can't be my life. I feel desperate. I feel like I'm caving... I can't do it anymore.

I dial her again and she answers sounding agitated,

"yes???"

"I'm doing some too"

"What? You mean drugs??"

"Yea"

"Sean, NO! You've got 6 months! You've got to stay clean for your Dr Appointment! NO! You're not!"

"You can't stop me!"

"So that means I'm going to get less?"

"We're going to split what I get"

"FUCKING GREAT, SEAN! I am stuck in this house all day and I get SO depressed and now you're going to start again?"

"This isn't my life, Kari. This isn't what I signed on for. If you're going to be fucked up, you're going to live with me being fucked up. That's the rules. I do the work. I get the money, I make the rules!"

"Fuck you, Sean! I had a perfectly good job that you made me quit!"

“You were using your money to get drugs and then making me pay for your gas and the drugs you needed for the times you didn’t have any and had to work... that wasn’t a job, it was an excuse for you to do even MORE drugs!”

“So YOU fuck up getting dope tonight, and I have to suffer?”

“We both get to suffer... except now we’re just taking turns! You tell me every day this is the last time... I’m sick of it! What are you planning on doing?... making me a nervous wreck and not fit for anyone else and then DUMP me when I finally decide I don’t want to do this anymore?? You’ve had more chances than any person I’ve ever known and this is the way you want to be... well... move over, you’ve got company!”

I was screaming the last part into the phone with the phone held out a foot in front of me before I hung up. And as soon as I did, the text messages started... Kari at her worst. Us at the lowest point in our fairy tale love story.

I pulled the money out of the bank and went to the boys at the fence. They were waiting for me. They told me it was fire this time. They were pretty good at their word. I told them I hoped they were right. The whole time my text messages chiming with her telling me how selfish I am and apparently not worried about me at all. She will be.

I got home and walked into a silent house. “Are you home?”

“yes”

“I’m in the back room”

“I know”

I walk in and she lays into me right away. I look at her, my eyes bloodshot and face swollen and red.

She quiets down when she sees me.

“Why are you so upset?”

I gave her her half of the pills. And grab a rig.

“I can’t believe you’re going to be stupid and do this again! Really??”

I look at her coldly and she shifts uncomfortably.

I open 8 pills.

“You’re not going to do all of that!”

In seconds they’re loaded up.

“Sean! Stop! Talk to me... please!”

I hit it quick and I pop it fast.

“I’m sorry Sean!”

“I’m sorry too”

Then nothing.

Then I feel drops of water on my face. Tepid. I feel her hair on my face. My arms are heavy and hard to lift.

She is leaning over me, her hair brushing my face as she makes strange noises I've never heard her make. She kisses me strangely. I want to kiss her back, but I'm so heavy. And then she blows air into my mouth.

She's breathing for me. But doesn't know that I'm awake. I manage to lift my arms and sluggishly grab her head and she shrieks! "SEAN!"

I grab her and pull her close and kiss her. It's the first kiss I've had in a long time. Maybe the best one I've ever had. She keeps making small noises... but I just keep kissing her until she kisses me back. Her face wet, her hair tangled in mine... her lips hot and puffy from crying.

"I want you back"... I tell her, slowly, spacing out the words with an uncontrollable tremor in my voice.

"ok! ok, baby. I'm sorry!"

I look over and see the bottle of Narcan I knew she had. I remembered her getting it a month earlier from the clinic. I didn't realize she would run around in a blind panic trying to remember where she put it while I turned blue. A slight miscalculation on my part. Sometimes you do crazy stuff to get your woman back. This was crazy. But I always thought we would beat the odds. I never thought one of us wouldn't make it back.

I wait for a while and feel strong enough to crawl to our bedroom. I wait for her to come in to me. I pray to whatever god will listen that this changes things. Because I just threw my life at her feet. That has to count for something.

I know... sounds like a bad novel. Maybe it is. But it's my life... or at least part of it. I have the texts saved from that night.

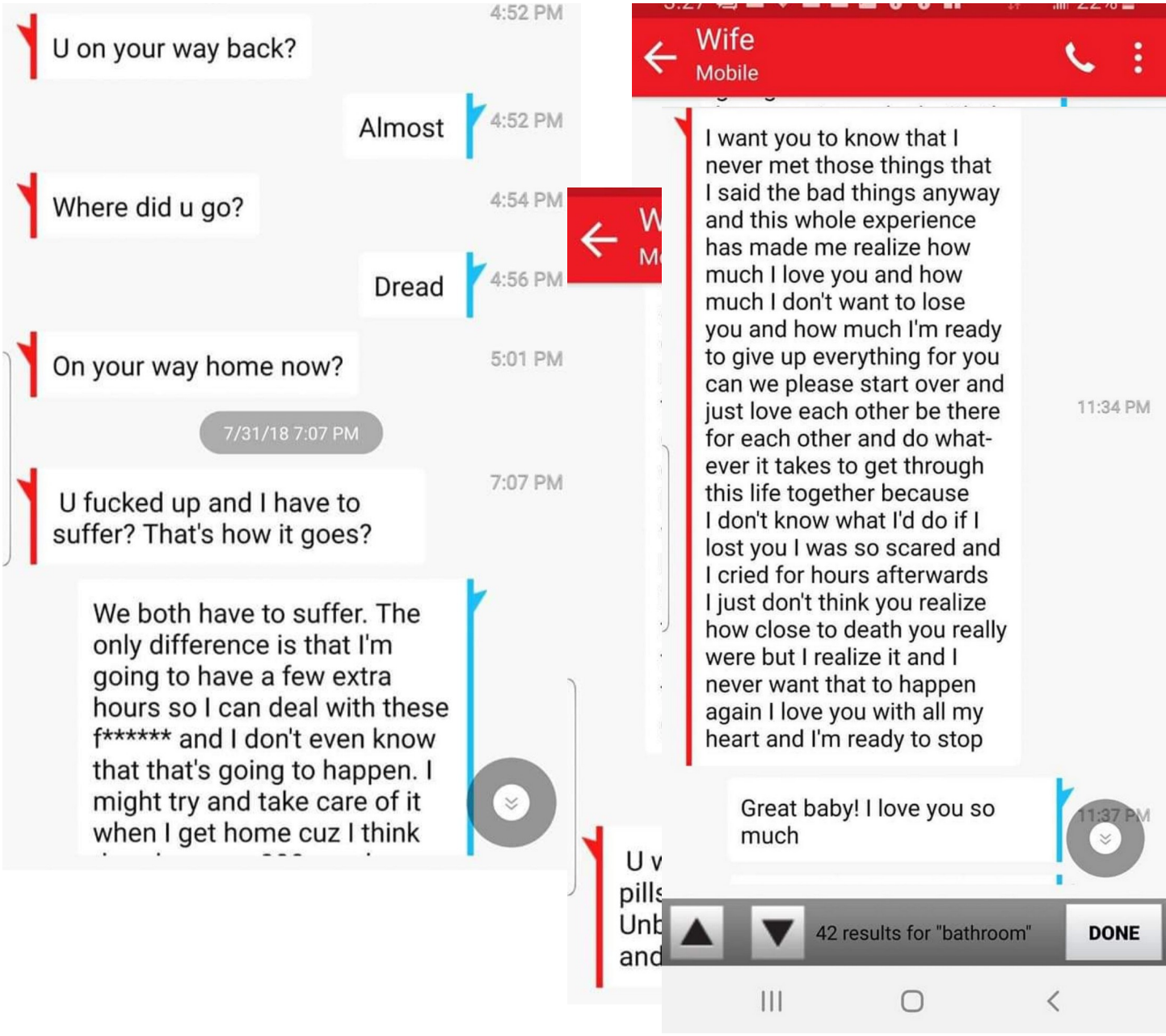
She did change after this. We did get sober again. She did want it. She never stopped wanting it. She forever was scared after this, that I would die and she would be left alone. It scared her more than her own mortality, until her last day... when I found her after a long day at work. She had a seizure like i warned her about when I left that day. Mixing a small amount of drugs while on heavy antibiotics. A fraction of what she normally did. She even left me a note on my nightstand apologizing for

scaring and worrying me with her relapse. That she would be ok and we would get through this together. She even deposited her money in our bank account as her last act on this earth. I miss her. I did all of this... I deserved my happiness and I just wanted her. I still just want her. The dream I had earlier... it was about this. About that kiss. That crazy kiss that started with her breathing for me. Hard to forget that shit. Hard to live with it in your head, as well. And those fucking dreams...

Kari and Sean - Addiction (The song) (2018)

Kari and Sean- Some More Of You

https://youtu.be/g9bNd0vxDSo


4:52 PM
U on your way back?
Almost
4:52 PM
Where did u go?
4:54 PM
Dread
4:56 PM
On your way home now?
5:01 PM
7/31/18 7:07 PM
U fucked up and I have to suffer? That's how it goes?
7:07 PM
We both have to suffer. The only difference is that I'm going to have a few extra hours so I can deal with these f****** and I don't even know that that's going to happen. I might try and take care of it when I get home cuz I think
Wife
Mobile
I want you to know that I never met those things that I said the bad things anyway and this whole experience has made me realize how much I love you and how much I don't want to lose you and how much I'm ready to give up everything for you can we please start over and just love each other be there for each other and do what-ever it takes to get through this life together because I don't know what I'd do if I lost you I was so scared and I cried for hours afterwards I just don't think you realize how close to death you really were but I realize it and I never want that to happen again I love you with all my heart and I'm ready to stop
11:34 PM
Great baby! I love you so much
11:37 PM
42 results for "bathroom"
DONE

This was after I had Od'd in front of her.

Wife
Mobile

Thank you for being my wife

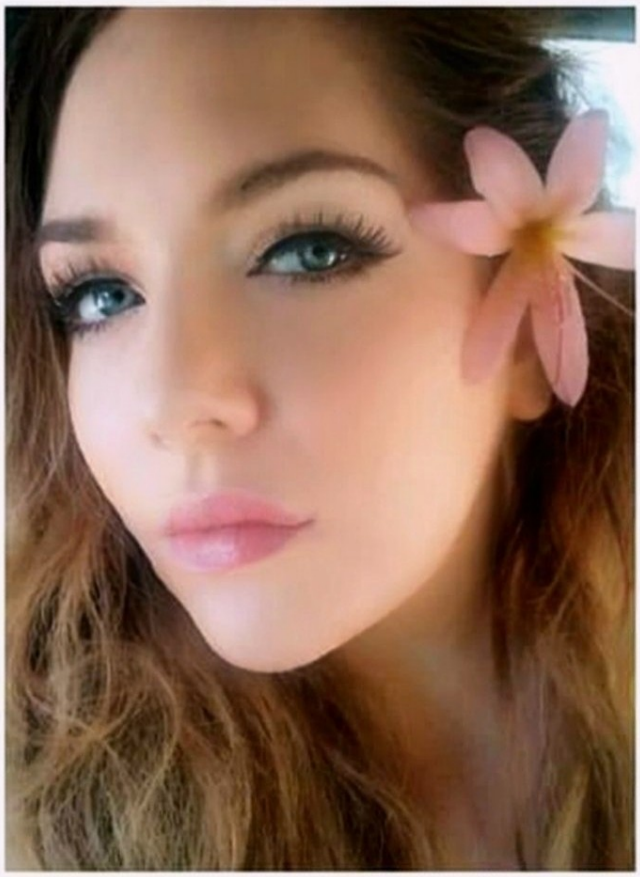
11:38 PM

7/31/18 11:45 PM

Sorry I can't type more right now... But my brain and my body are kind of exhausted from this day... This one hell of a day... LOL

11:45 PM

8/1/18 6:20 PM



6:20 PM